

Heaven's Above - Chapter 2

by writinggoddess

Category: Buffy: The Vampire Slayer

Genre: Drama

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-06-16 08:00:00

Updated: 2000-06-16 08:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:22:14

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 325

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: After Doyle's death, Cordelia deals with it in a bad way and ends up suprised.

Heaven's Above - Chapter 2

To: LegionDenial@egroups.com

>Subject: [LegionDenial] Heaven's Above- Chapter 2

>
Heaven's Above - Chapter 2

>Author: slayerangel4ever
Feedback: Always

>

>
"Doyle? Is it really you?" Cordelia asked, glaring through the light that

>flowed around him.

>"Yes, Princess, its really me... Better yet, what are you doing here?" he
asked gently.

>
"Ahh..." she began, at a loss for words, so unlike her.

>
"I thought you were stronger than that, Cordelia," Doyle said, in a almost

>scolding, dissappoint voice.

>"Well, I guess you didnt know me that well, huh?" she asked in a bitter
voice, tears springing to her eyes.

>
Doyle simply ignored the comment, like he hadnt heard it and ushered her

>out and through a clouded door.

>***

>"Where are we?" Cordelia asked, alittle confused.

>Her eyes hurt, everywhere you looked, light and more light.

>"Your eyes will adjust in a moment and this, this is Heaven."

>"Heaven," she whispered, looking around.

>***

>All around there were children playing out horses and

merry-go-rounds. Some
ate cotton candy, others candy apples. Then

if you turned around there were
>teenagers kissing in the moonlight abd a couple walking through the
grass
on a hot, sunny day. Everything was ... together.
>

>
"How can this be?" Cordelia asked, lightly, more of a gasp.

>
Doyle chuckled.
>
"We see everything at once, but for them, they are all alone.
Those
>teenagers just see them and the moonlight. The couple the grass and
the
sun. The children, the carnival and the candies. They see what
they want to
>see."

>"Wow, so this is heaven. Where will I go Doyle?" she asked.

>"Not here Cordelia," he said with a look of pain and dissapointment
on his
face.
>
"Then where?" she asked, bewildered.
>
"Someplace better? France?" she asked, hopeful.
>
He just looked at her.
>
"Your dead, Cordelia, remember? You slit your wrists and your
not going
>anywhere but to hell, love," he said with sadness in his voice.

>"Hell?" Cordelia murmured, outraged more than anything.

End
file.